

# Easter Melodies

An Easter Service



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George Edward Epp and B. H. Niebel

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# Easter Melodies.

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### No. 1.

W. A. S.

### Hail the Day.

WALTER A. SHAWKER.

INTRO. *f*

*Unison.*

1. Hail the morn, glorious morn, Eas-ter light, all gloom dis-pell - ing,  
 2. Hail the morn, glorious morn, O - pen are the heav'n-ly por - tals;  
 3. Hail the morn, glorious morn, For to - day the Lord is ris - en;

Bids us sing, to the King, And His pow'r to all be tell - ing.  
 And the King, whom we sing, Is re-veal'd to all earth's mor - tals.  
 He a - rose, o'er His foes, From the guarded rock-hewn pris - on.

CHORUS.

Hail the day. loud al - le - lu - ias raise,

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## Hail the Day.—Concluded.

Christ a - rose this glo-rious day of days;

Earth re - joice, thy mourn-ing now is o'er,

Shout and sing His praise for - ev - er more.

### Responsive Scripture Reading.

#### THE CRUCIFIXION.

LEADER.—And when they were come to the place, which is called Calvary, there they crucified him, and the malefactors one on the right hand, and one on the left.

RESPONSE.—Then said Jesus, Father, forgive them: for they know not what they do. And they parted his raiment, and cast lots.

L.—And it was about the sixth hour, and there was a darkness over all the earth until the ninth hour.

R.—And the sun was darkened, and the vail of the temple was rent in the midst.

ALL.—And when Jesus had cried with a loud voice, he said, Father into thy hands I commend my spirit: and having said thus, he gave up the ghost.—*Luke 23 : 33, 34 ; 44-46.*

#### THE RESURRECTION.

L.—Now upon the first day of the week, very early in the morning, they came unto the sepulchre.

R.—And they found the stone rolled away from the sepulchre.

L.—And they entered in, and found not the body of the Lord Jesus.

R.—And it came to pass, as they were much perplexed there about, behold, two men stood by them in shining garments.

L.—And as they were afraid, and bowed down their faces to the earth, they said unto them, Why seek ye the living among the dead?

R.—He is not here, but is risen: remember how he spake unto you when he was yet in Galilee,

L.—Saying, the Son of Man must be delivered into the hands of sinful men, and be crucified, and the third day rise again.

ALL.—And they remembered his words.—*Luke 24 : 1-8.*

**Prayer.**



# No. 2.

# Easter Dawn.


ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

F. PAOLI TOSTI.  
(Arr. by Alfred Judson.)

ALL. Unison, with feeling.

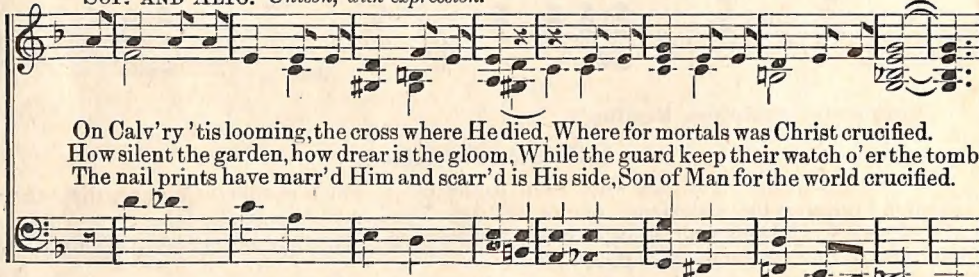


1. Stars grow dim in si-lent sky, Dark the hour, yet the dawn is nigh;  
2. Sad-dened ones their spic-es bring, Gifts of love for a thorn-crowned King;  
3. Fal-ters faith and joy has fled, Hope must fade, for the King lies dead;



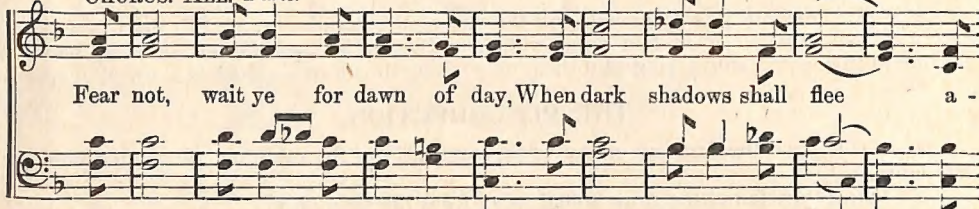
O'er the hill the shad-ows fall, Earth is wrapped in a som-bre pall;  
He who came from heav'n-ly height, Now is sleep-ing in death's dark night;  
He who came the world to save, Now finds rest in a rock-hewn grave;

SOP. AND ALTO. Unison, with expression.

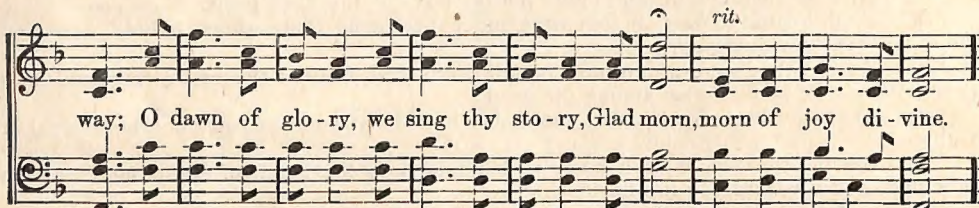


On Calv'ry 'tis looming, the cross where He died, Where for mortals was Christ crucified.  
How silent the garden, how drear is the gloom, While the guard keep their watch o'er the tomb.  
The nail prints have marr'd Him and scarr'd is His side, Son of Man for the world crucified.

CHORUS. ALL. Parts.



Fear not, wait ye for dawn of day, When dark shadows shall flee a -



way; O dawn of glo-ry, we sing thy sto-ry, Glad morn, morn of joy di-vine.

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# No. 3.

# Sweet is the Song.

A. A. PAYN.

M. ISABELLE RITTER.

1. Sweet is the song earth is sing - ing, Rich in its mes - sage of  
 2. Hope in each heart now is dwell - ing, Safe and se - cure ev - er -  
 3. Light from the cross now is fall - ing In - to the tomb where He

love,..... Joy un - to all it is bring - ing Down from the  
 more,..... Sor - row and sad - ness dis - pell - ing By Him whom  
 lay,..... Glad bells to wor - ship are call - ing, On this the

## CHORUS.

por - tals a - bove..... } Sing - ing a song of love and of light,  
 now we a - dore. .... }  
 bright Eas - ter day..... }

Driv - ing a - way the shad - ows of night, Glad bells are ring - ing In

tune with our sing - ing, This day so bright. ....

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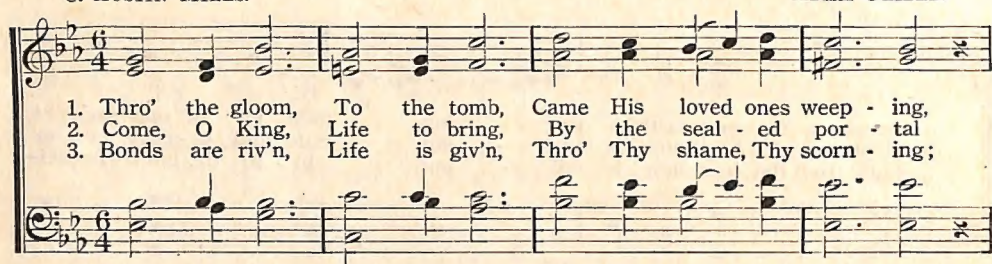


# No. 4.

# Come, See Where He Lay.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

ADAM GEIBEL.



1. Thro' the gloom, To the tomb, Came His loved ones weep - ing,  
 2. Come, O King, Life to bring, By the seal - ed por - tal,  
 3. Bonds are riv'n, Life is giv'n, Thro' Thy shame, Thy scorn - ing;

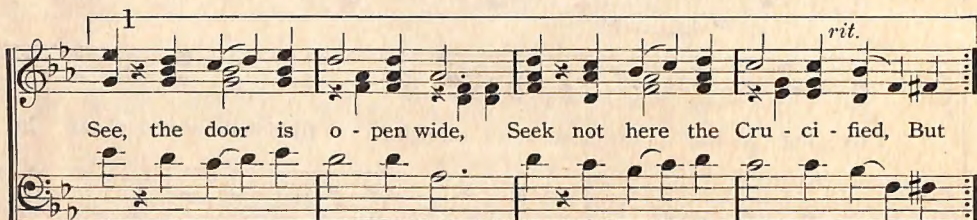


Un - dis - mayed, Un - a - fraid, Thro' dark shad - ows, creep - ing.  
 Thou didst break, Us to take, To Thy life im - mor - tal.  
 Praise we sing To our King, On this Eas - ter morn - ing.

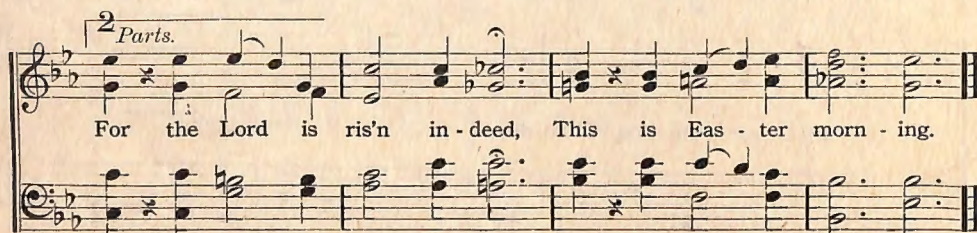
CHORUS. *Unison.*



{ Come ye, see where He lay, Turn, O turn not a - way;  
 go now, bear far and wide Joy that e'er shall a - bide;



See, the door is o - pen wide, Seek not here the Cru - ci - fied, But



For the Lord is ris'n in - deed, This is Eas - ter morn - ing.

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# No. 5.

## Bells of His Garden.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Bells of His garden thro' the years, Ring! Ring! Ring! Ring out re-lief from  
 2. Bells of His garden, chime from far, Ring! Ring! Ring! Gates of the grave for-  
 3. Bells of His garden ring for aye! Ring! Ring! Ring! Gladness of Eas-ter

TWO-PART CHORUS.\*  
 Ring! Ring! O ring!

grief and fears! Ring! Ring! Ring! }  
 e'er un-bar, Ring! Ring! Ring! }  
 now holdsway, Ring! Ring! Ring! }

Bells of His gar-den, ring, O ring!

Ring! Ring! O ring! Ring! Ring! O ring! ring!

Down from the distant a - ges long, Ech - o ye still the triumph song, Ring in a

O ring!

glad re - frain, O ring ye, Bells of His gar-den, bring ye News of e - ter - nal

MALE VOICES.

Ring! ring! O ring! He lives a - gain.

life, Bells of His gar-den, ring, O ring! He lives a - gain.

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\* The lower notes are the melody. The upper notes (small) may be played, sung by a few selected voices, or the high voices. In the latter case, the lower notes (melody) are sung by the low voices.



# No. 6.

# The Galilean Conquers.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.  
DUET.

M. ISABELLE RITTER.

1. The Gal - i - le - an con - quers! O tell the ti - dings far,.....  
 2. The Gal - i - le - an con - quers! The vale that once was dim,.....  
 3. The Gal - i - le - an con - quers! He leads in path di - vine,.....

For Him the si - lent tomb swings wide, For Him the gates un - bar.....  
 Is now a - glow with beau - ty bright, And heav'n is prais - ing Him.....  
 O fol - low in His foot-steps there, Where Eas - ter glo - ries shine.....

CHORUS. *Unison. tempo.*

He con - quers, ev - er con - quers, He who is Lord of all!..... He

con - quers, ev - er con - quers, To vic - t'ry hear His call!.....

SOPS. AND ALTOS.

Then for - ward, then go for - ward, Trust in His won - drous word;.....



## The Galilean Conquers.—Concluded.

*Unison.* *rit.*

He con - quers, ev - er con - quers, Go forth with the ris - en Lord!.....

### No. 7.

### Just Like Flowers.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

CLYDE WILLARD.

1. Just like flow'rs a - long the way, Are the joys of Eas - ter day,  
 2. Je - sus Christ, the chil-dren's Friend, Ev - 'ry day will bless - ings send,  
 3. Just like flow'rs a - long the way, Are the joys of Eas - ter day,

Joys that come our hearts to cheer, Last - ing thro' the hap - py year.  
 Ev - 'ry day we sure - ly find, To - kens of His love so kind.  
 Love - ly flow'rs our hearts to cheer, Bloom - ing for us all the year.

CHORUS.

Just like flow'rs, love - ly flow'rs, O the joy of Eas - ter hours,

Bloom - ing all a - long our way, Joys that come with Eas - ter day!

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# No. 8.

# The Song of Triumph.

EMILY DONAGHY.

All in Unison or Male Voices.

ADAM GEIBEL.

*mf* Slowly.

*p* Parts.

1. Midnight gloom of dark - est Cal - v'ry, Blight-ed 'hopes and ag - o - ny,  
 2. Lo! At dawn the great earth trembled, And the watch-ers stand - ing near  
 3. Thro' the shad - ows and the ter - rors Of the tomb to realms of light,

*mf* Unison.

Parts.

*rit.*

Filled sad hearts with pain and sor - row, When Christ died to make men free.  
 Saw an an - gel sent from heav - en, And they cowed down in fear.  
 Came the great tri - umph - ant Sav - iour, Prince of Peace and Lord of might.

CHORUS. *With spirit.*

3

{ Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Hark! The glad tri - umphant strain;  
 { Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Let the glad ho - san - nas ring;

1. tri - umphant strain;

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Bless - ed be the Lamb once slain;

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Christ is King.

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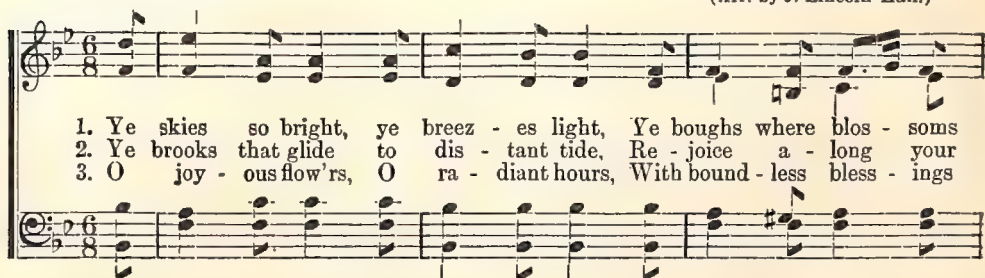


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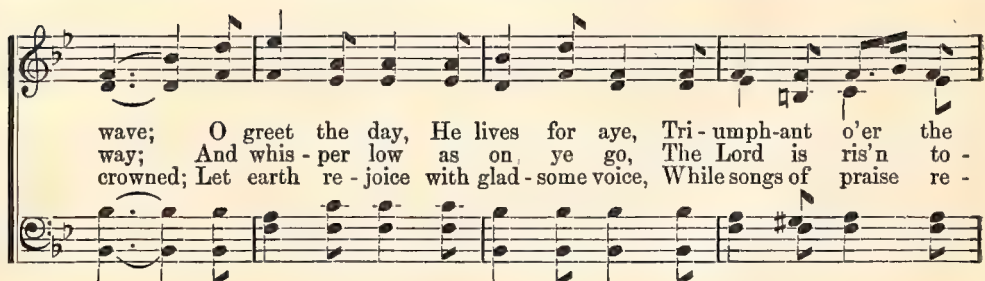
# Ye Skies So Bright.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

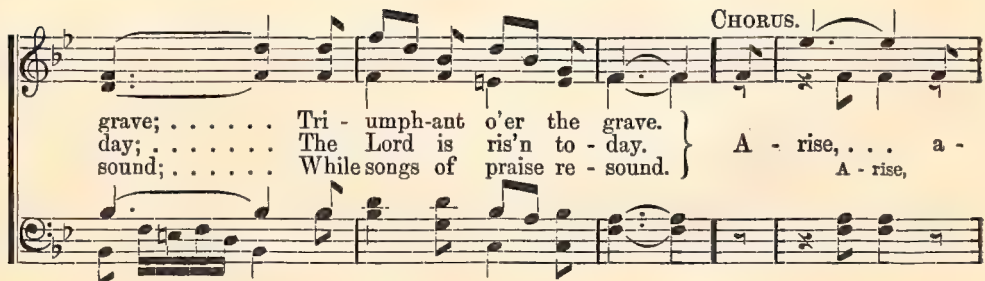
From FRANZ SCHUBERT.  
(Arr. by J. Lincoln Hall.)



1. Ye skies so bright, ye breez - es light, Ye boughs where blos - soms  
2. Ye brooks that glide to dis - tant tide, Re - joice a - long your  
3. O joy - ous flow'rs, O ra - diant hours, With bound - less bless - ings



wave; O greet the day, He lives for aye, Tri - umph-ant o'er the  
way; And whis - per low as on, ye go, The Lord is ris'n to -  
crowned; Let earth re - joice with glad - some voice, While songs of praise re -



grave; . . . . . Tri - umph-ant o'er the grave.  
day; . . . . . The Lord is ris'n to - day. } A - rise, . . . a -  
sound; . . . . . While songs of praise re - sound. } A - rise,



rise, . . . rise, to dawn di - vine a - rise, . . . rise, A -



rise, . . . rise, a - rise, . . . rise, to dawn di - vine a - rise.



# No. 10.

# Easter Glory Fills the Sky.

A. A. PAYN.

ROY E. NOLTE.

*Allegretto grazioso.*

1. Eas - ter glo - ry fills the sky with light di - vine,..... Thro' the por - tals  
 2. Glad - ly we be - hold the morn of life and light,..... For its dawn - ing  
 3. Hail to thee, O welcome morn of love un - told,..... Ris - en from the

of the tomb its beau - ties shine,..... Loud the al - le -  
 ends the shad - ows of the night,..... Joy with us shall  
 tomb our Lord we now be - hold,..... He the shame and

lu - ias ring, For the stone is rolled a - way; Now has come to  
 e'er a - bide. Christ is vic - tor in the strife, He who once was  
 sor - row bore, Wore the cru - el crown of thorn, But we glad - ly

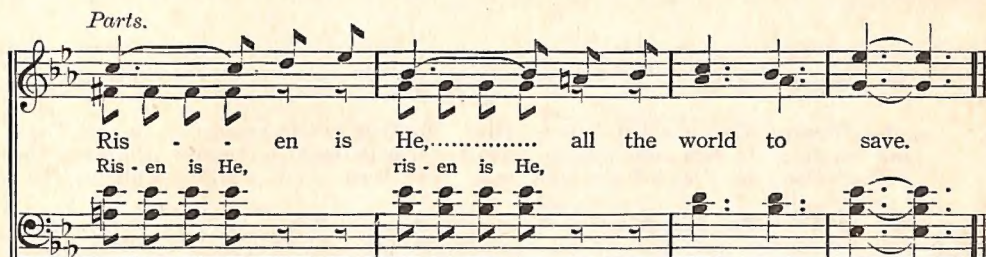
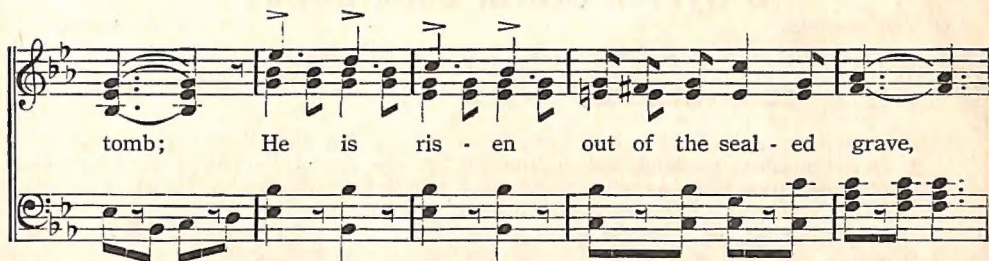
## CHORUS.

Christ the King His tri - umph day..... }  
 cru - ci - fied, Our Lord, our Life..... } Ris - en, ris - en,  
 Him a - dore This Eas - ter morn..... }

gone is the night of gloom, Ris - en, ris - en, glo - ry has fill'd the



## Easter Glory Fills the Sky.—Concluded.



## Wings for Easter.

(Exercise for teacher, and any number of Beginners. Have in readiness a box of suitable size to hold the gifts that the Beginners bring. After the exercise is completed, the teacher may place cover on box and let a boy nail it down.)

TEACHER.

We're going to give wings to Easter,  
To send it so far away,  
That dear little distant children  
May welcome the happy day,  
And would you know how we'll do it?  
Though helpers are very small,  
Just watch as we go about it,  
And first, for a box we'll call!

(Enter boy or boys bringing box which they place on front centre of platform.)

TEACHER.

We'll place in the box now ready  
The stories we love so dear,  
The teachers will gladly read them,  
And children will gladly hear.

(Enter beginners with packages of lesson papers tied with ribbons of various colors, and place them in the box.)

TEACHER.

We'll place in the box some pictures,  
The dear Bible scenes to show,  
They'll bring to the far-off children  
The lessons of long ago.

(Other beginners bring in packages of colored lesson cards, also prettily tied, and place them in box.)

TEACHER.

Our songs we would help to teach them,  
The songs that we love to sing,  
That all of the far-off children,  
May praise Him, the risen King!

(Enter beginners with books which they place in the box.)

TEACHER.

And gifts we will gladly send them,  
They'll welcome our gifts, though small,  
For then the dear, distant children  
Will know that we love them all.

(Beginners bring small gifts which they place in the box.)

TEACHER.

And so we'll give wings to Easter  
By sending across the sea  
The beautiful Easter story,  
The loveliest that could be;  
We'll share with the other children  
The joy of the Easter day,  
By sending the Easter story  
To children so far away.

(Places cover on box, and boys nail it in place. Children group about box and sing one verse of carol.)

—Elsie Duncan Yale.

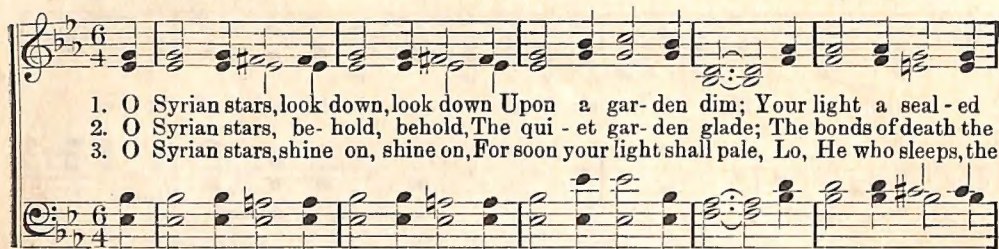


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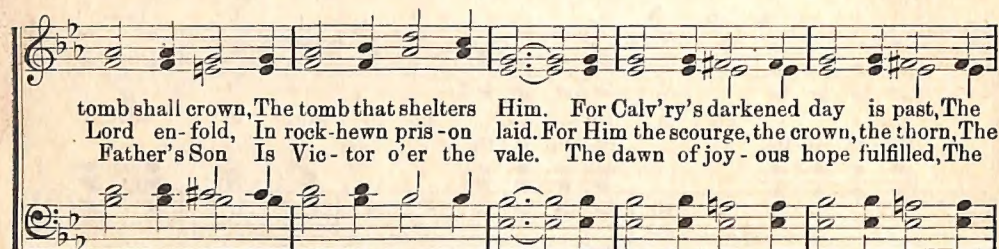
# O Syrian Stars, Look Down!

GRACE GORDON.

CLYDE WILLARD.



1. O Syrian stars, look down, look down Upon a gar - den dim; Your light a seal - ed  
 2. O Syrian stars, be - hold, behold, The qui - et gar - den glade; The bonds of death the  
 3. O Syrian stars, shine on, shine on, For soon your light shall pale, Lo, He who sleeps, the



tomb shall crown, The tomb that shelters Him. For Calv'ry's darkened day is past, The  
 Lord en - fold, In rock - hewn pris - on laid. For Him the scourge, the crown, the thorn, The  
 Father's Son Is Vic - tor o'er the vale. The dawn of joy - ous hope fulfilled, The



day that saw Him die, Then guard His rest, the King so blest, Ye stars in Syrian sky!  
 cross up - lift - ed high, Then guard His rest, the King so blest, Ye stars in Syrian sky!  
 dawn divine is nigh, Then guard His rest, the King so blest, Ye stars in Syrian sky!

CHORUS.



{ Shine, O stars, o - ver a gar - den dim, Shine, O stars, keeping your  
 { Shine, O shine, o - ver His gar - den blest, (Omit.....)



watch o'er Him. . . . Soon He shall come out from the tomb, O shine, O shine.

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# Recitations and Exercises.

## Recitation.

### LILIES OF VICTORY.

(Recitation for young lady who may wear white with purple scarf and carry purple fleur-de-lis tied with silver gauze ribbon. If desired, at the close of the recitation she may place the flowers among the platform decorations.)

Lilies of victory herald His morning,  
Lo, He is risen from death and the tomb!  
Light of His conquest the sky is adorning,  
Lilies of victory, joyously bloom!

Lilies of victory, stately and royal,  
Tell of a triumph o'er fetters and fear;  
Bear ye the tidings to hearts that are loyal,  
Lo, He is risen, the Lord is not here!

Lilies of victory, bloom ye forever,  
Not alone circling the tomb where He lay,  
But let your loveliness gladden us ever,  
Lilies of victory, greet ye His day!

—Elsie Duncan Yale.

## Exercise.

### EASTER BASKET.

(For four girls. Each one carries a small basket containing Bible verses. Each one recites and then reads the verses in her basket. The baskets may be made of crepe paper.)

#### ALL.

We have filled our Easter baskets,  
'Tis the glad day of the year,  
With rich gifts of hope and mercy,  
And bright gifts of love and cheer.

#### FIRST.

My gift is a gift of hope, you see,  
That will last through eternity.

"Now the God of hope fill you with all joy  
and peace in believing."

"Abound in hope, through the power of the  
Holy Spirit."

#### SECOND.

And mine is the gift of mercy, you know,  
For it will dispel many kinds of woe.

"The Lord is very pitiful and of tender  
mercy."

"Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne  
of grace that we may obtain."

#### THIRD.

I've filled my basket with wondrous cheer,  
For this Easter day so bright and clear.

"Be of good comfort."

"Thy faith hath made thee whole."

#### FOURTH.

And mine will overflow with love to-day,  
With love for the Saviour who liveth alway."

"We love Him because He first loved us."

"If we love one another God dwelleth in  
us."

"God is love."

#### ALL.

O they will be wonderful baskets,  
Real messages of good cheer;  
And we'll hasten to send them far away  
In the name of our Saviour dear.

—Emily Donaghy.

## Recitation.

### THE GALILEAN CONQUERS.

The Galilean conquers!  
Lo, the stone is rolled away,  
Gone the sentries who were guarding  
At the place where once He lay;  
Gone the shadows, gone the sorrow,  
For the dark of night has fled,  
Lo, the Galilean conquers!  
He is risen from the dead!

The Galilean conquers!  
For a glory shines afar,  
And the portals of His prison  
At His kingly word unbar;  
Lo, He lives! O words of gladness  
By the angel warden said,  
For the Galilean conquers!  
He is risen from the dead!

The Galilean conquers,  
Ne'er was victory so sublime,  
And the songs of Easter morning  
Echo still through endless time;  
O the radiant Easter glory  
That upon our path is shed,  
Lo, the Galilean conquers,  
He is risen from the dead!

—Grace Gordon.

## Recitation.

### THE COMING LIFE.

A tiny egg I see  
Within a feathered nest,  
That by and by will be a bird  
With wings and beak and breast.

A little bird to soar,  
To twitter and to sing;  
A bird to fly across the sky  
With all the joy of spring.

This earth life's but a shell—  
For now we cannot see  
How different and beautiful  
Our future life shall be.



# Recitations and Exercises.

## Recitation.

### MARY'S STORY.

(Recitation for a young lady who may carry Easter lilies. "In the Garden" may be played softly while this is being rendered.)

I came to my Master's garden,  
Ere shadows of night had fled,  
The trees with their sombre branches  
Were whispering overhead;  
The lilies so white and fragrant  
Were clustered around the tomb,  
I sought for my dear Redeemer  
Who slept in that garden's gloom.  
But light of the day's awakening  
Shone forth with a golden ray,  
And glory of morn was crowning  
The place where the Saviour lay;  
The tomb with its guarded portal,  
Behold! It was rent in twain,  
And I found not my dear Redeemer,  
My Master, on Calvary slain!  
And lo, as I wept and waited,  
A voice in that garden glade,  
I thought it had been the gardener,  
Who spoke from the quiet shade;  
But "Mary!" He gently called me,  
"Rabboni!" Was my glad word!  
And I found in that sunlit garden  
My glorious, risen Lord!

—Elsie Duncan Yale.

## Recitation.

### OVER THE HILLS.

(Recitation for a Senior Scholar.)

Over the hills of doubt and dread  
To a garden so bright and fair,  
While the light of the moon is in the sky,  
With jubilant hearts we now draw nigh,  
For a herald of joy is there!

Over the hills of unbelief,  
To the garden of hope fulfilled,  
To a garden where faith at last is crowned,  
Where radiant joy and peace abound,  
And sorrows of earth are stilled.

Over the hills of dark despair  
To a garden that ne'er is dim,  
For the tomb that was sealed is open wide,  
And He liveth for aye who was crucified,  
Then over the hills to Him!

—Elsie Duncan Yale.

watch o'er Him. . . . Soon He

Love, of the size, lience Spirit ellow spirit band

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## SPIRIT OF LOVE.

(Advancing to centre of platform.)

I am the Spirit of loyal Love,  
For Christ the King who is throned above,  
So come, dear helpers, as best you may,  
And light the path for the Easter day!  
Whoever prays to the Saviour dear,  
To ask for His wonderful presence near,  
Yes, even children, when thus they pray,  
Will light the path of Easter day.

(Children plant a number of daffodils, then group about Spirit of Love.)

## SPIRIT OF LOVE.

The deeds you do with a loving mind,  
Those lowly deeds with a heart so kind,  
Will ever shine with a golden ray,  
And light the path for the Easter day.

(Daffodils are planted.)

## SPIRIT OF LOVE.

The loving purpose so strong and true,  
To please the Saviour in what you do,  
That is a light on the happy way,  
To light the path for the Easter day.

(Children plant more daffodils.)

## SPIRIT OF LOVE.

To tell of Jesus you often seek,  
Those gentle words that you gladly speak,  
As blessed beacons they'll always stay,  
To light the path for the Easter day.

(Children conclude planting daffodils and group around Spirit of Love.)

## SPIRIT OF LOVE.

Let's give a greeting with joy and cheer,  
The sweetest word that the world could hear,  
With hope and gladness those words we say:

## ALL IN CONCERT.

"Christ our Lord is risen to-day!"

—Elsie Duncan Yale.

## Recitation.

### GOD GAVE THE LILIES.

(For a young girl who may wear white with green scarf and hairband, and carry Easter lilies tied with silver gauze.)

God gave to the gardens their lilies,  
To welcome the wonderful morn,  
The flowers, that like radiant angels,  
Our paths in their beauty adorn;  
The tenderest message He gave them,  
So hark what they lovingly say!  
"Consider the lilies! He clothes them!  
Are ye not much better than they?"

God gave to the gardens their lilies,  
To tell of His fathomless love,  
The love that has given our Master  
To come from the heavens above;  
And now like the angels of Easter,  
The lilies are whispering the word:  
"Fear not! For we know ye seek Jesus!  
Beheld, He is risen, your Lord!"

—Elsie Duncan Yale.